

AN
E L E L Y

On the most celebrated Poet of the Age,

John Dryden Esq;

Who Departed this Life, May the 1st. 1700.

MOnarchs of *Wit*, and *Worlds*, must all lay down;
One Fate waits both the *Laurel* and the *Crown*.
Even *DRYDEN*, (what e'er Immortality
The Muse may claim) the *Bard*, alas, must dye.
Apollo's Eldest Son in Dust thus layd,
What Pomp must make his Funeral Cavalcade!
By the whole *Muses Race* that Honour'd Head,
To his great Urn in solemn Sables led.
WIT mourn'd by *Wit*! Those the chief Mourners here?
No; let that sullen *Tribe* bring up the Rear.
WIT's so ill Natur'd grown, they have not all
One genuine Tear, worthy to mourn his Fall.
At distance then the envying Scriblers stand,
Nor let His Rites be by false Tears profan'd.
Let Worth and Honour; the Ingenius *Fair*,
And the Learn'd *Great*, be the true Mourners there:
They whose rich Cabinets his Works adorn;
Who with his loftier Ayrs awake the Morn;
Or with his softer Numbers lull their sleep;
Theirs are the Eyes this *Albion* Loss should weep.

VVhat tho' the warmth of Youth in Age retire:
It chill'd no Spark of his Poetick Fire.

VVit's verdant *Bays*, unshockt by VVinter's Blast,
Like VVit's great *Patron God* should *Youthful* last.

Vig'rous and warm did his last Numbers glow,
Like *Ætna*, kept the Flame beneath the Snow.

To the last Gasp thus his tun'd Raptures ran,
And only finisht like the dying Swan.

VVhat

What tho' his *Laureat Raig*n once shock'd by Fate,
(For *Wit*, like *Empire*, has its Turns of State)
The blushing World his Muse's Throne beheld;
By such poor *Empty Heads* supply'd, not fill'd.
He kept this yet unshaken Glory still,
He only lost the *Feather*, not the *Quill*.



Let *Garth's* and *Blackmore's* th' *Albion* World divide,
Whilst warring Criticks batele on each side.
Parties and Factions there in Arms appear;
Uncertain Victory, all Chance of War.
The popular Favour there on either side,
All Ebb and Flow, the Torrent's but a Tide.
Great *Dryden* no such giddy Scepter sway'd,
All Knees his Universal Homage pay'd.
DRYDEN so fill'd th' *Apollinary* Throne,
DRYDEN *Wit's Alexander* reign'd Alone.
And as when that *Great Head* no longer shin'd,
In Death his *World*, but not his *Fame* resign'd,
His numerous Successors put in their Claim:
So the poor *Rivals* to Great *Dryden's* Fame,
All petty Candidates their weak Pretensions raise;
And only *Canton* out his vast Immortal Praise.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies in Dust, All that in Dust can lye,
As much of *Dryden* as had pow'r to dye.
Tombs we may build him. But where *Ashes* best
Deserve a Monument, they need it least.
His lasting Praise from dull *Oblivion* safe,
Is fairer Read, than in an Epitaph.
Nor needs there Pyramid, or vaulted Dome,
The Superstructure to enrich his Tomb.
His Pile of Volumes does that Work alone:
WIT needs no Mansoleum but its own.

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